
by EGNESSHREENE FOSTER.


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Away from the mortal thought: There I may-in the silence -think Of things with all beauty fraught. Every thought व्पith beauty fraught. Thoughts that will bring to some lonely heart Gladness and joys sweet ring, G्qhere I may list to the lark's free note Or rest whilst my brothers sing. Gladness bring
whilst of hers sing.
Build it so simple that none may seem To seek it for worldly quest:
But if they enter by chance some day
Day the peace there found lull their hearts to rest
In my nest
fill is rest. en




Inswer ase



Esines to a Beautiful woman.
 dear heart of me, a man fhinkefh so is he.

ow exquisite fly thoughts

> must be
 old d's  tea how to think. like free?



${ }^{08}$ Find above all-Stand."







Omnia
In angel said-in a dream of mine
There's nothing real that is not divine?
Then I asked him to tell me what was true
Of men and of things in and out of view;
Of the sky, the sea and the mighty rock.
Of thunder and storm and the lightening shock?
In is answer strange had a ring flat was true
k here is no me,-'said he:-no you; There's nothing real here
neither man nor stone Wheres nothing real but God. Just God Alone!"



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